

THE DAILY  
SHORT STORY

## Any Old Port

By A. W. PEACH

Stanford gazed around the room with a whimsical grin. It was a top floor, sky-light room. The bed, groined and the whole room gave evidence that it was a last shelter. He looked up through the sky-light. "Anyway, I am getting nearer the angels all the time," he advised himself.

He arranged a few belongings that he took from his pocket and placed on the small table, battered bureau. As he did this, he noticed in the top drawer some torn pieces of paper.

"Somebody's last will and testament," he muttered to himself. "I wonder what poor soul came to anchor in this last harbor."

He arranged the pieces until the story was plain to him and he whistled softly as he worked. Three attempts had been made to write a letter to some one called "Dear." Each had been thrown away, the third and complete one evidently because of a blot. The last he could read, it began: "Dear—I am all discouraged. My hospital bill took all my savings. I'm so weak.... (Here the note was illegible). Come to me. Just for the old love you and for me. Cheer me a little; you are the only one who can. If you don't, I'm afraid it is the end."

Stanford stared at the trembling, girlish hand, his smile vanishing, and read on. She asked for one-time lover to meet her in the city station. She would be one of the first three seats—if it was room.

The German of whom he had just hired the room had told him that the roomer had just left, and Stanford reasoned that in her condition she would leave for one purpose—the one indicated in her note.

He drew his last half-dollar from his pocket and inspected the coin. "How can I rescue a maiden in distress with this?" he asked himself—and did not pause for reply.

In a few minutes he was heading for the great central station, breathing the cold winds that hummed by every worn thread of his old suit. Patient, trudging soon brought him in sight of the huge pile, and a minute later found him studying the long central seats. His quick eye saw a slight form, then a thin, wistful face, from which abnormally dark and sad eyes looked out with inner dread. In the girl's hand was a yellow slip of paper.

He went up to her with decisive stride. "Miss Hope Hartwell? My name is Lane Stanford. Has the knight arrived?" He held out her blotted note.

She stared at him; then at the note; then at him. What she saw caused the tension in her face—probably the inner light of good cheer and frank manhood in his eyes; little lights that would burn while life lasted.

She held out the yellow slip. "He sent a messenger. He isn't coming," she said quietly.

"That suits me," he said cheerfully. "That is my last half dollar. Let's spend it like millionaires. It's lunch time, you know. I know a warm and cozy place where for four bits, you can get—"

He elaborated on the menu. The girl looked at him wonderingly; and he became sober. He did not intend that this dark-eyed bit of city wreckage should drift from his life. "Remember me in her eyes. After the feast he announced. 'And we both better get in.'"

His air was infectious. She rose and started with him, worrying him as she did so with her revealed weakness.

They feasted to the full extent of the half dollar. He exerted himself to amuse her, and was satisfied with the shy amusement in her eyes. After the least he announced:

"Now let us set sail for 'Sauerkraut's' abode, where you shall have my room—"

"But—"

"But—you shall! Come, lass, the tide has been ebbing, but it's coming in, believe me!"

It was evident she had never met a specimen like him—one of the cheery souls that life seems never able to overcome; and he

guessed, too, that she knew her need of him.

"Old 'Sauerkraut,'" long ago hardened to the ways of the strange world that drifted in and out of his cheap place, nodded briefly when he heard the arrangement. He had his week's rent—why worry?

Pleading her not to run away, he waved her a gay adieu and headed out into the night to become one of the sleepers in a long hall where by virtue of a bath and evident poverty a man might sleep for one night only. He planned and then he slept, dreamlessly.

The next day he hunted for work, but his crippled right hand barred him from several chances. He managed to get enough change together to give himself and Hope two fair meals on two days. At the close of the last she looked at him with eyes that were still amused and more tender with a soft glow in their dark depths.

"How do you keep so cheerful?" she asked.

"Lass, I don't know, unless nobody can get my goat—not even life!"

The evening of the third day he hurried her to their alley restaurant. His eyes were sparkling. "Listen, my lady, I broke into an office today and found I had hit the father of one of my buddies overseas who went West—and he told me he could give me some work about his place in Florida—take charge of his estate, but I ought to be a married man. I told him I was."

Her cry was faint and breathless: "You—you are?"

"No, I'm not. I was thinking of the future. I am going to be, I'm going to marry you!"

"You—?" she drew back with her thought unspoken.

He misunderstood. "That is if you can stand a chap with a crippled hand around all—"

She caught the crippled hand, suddenly bent her dark head and he felt her cheek wet upon the broken hand that was his memory of the Argonne. Then he bent, unconscious of the world about him and kissed the nape of her neck.

"Down goes the anchor, honey, let the winds blow. We've reached port!" he announced. (Copyright, 1922).

English Plum  
PuddingBy BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH  
Of Columbus University

1/2 lb. stale bread crumbs  
1 cup hot milk  
4 eggs  
1/2 lb. raisins  
1/2 lb. currants  
6 figs  
1/2 cup fine cut citron  
1/2 lb. suet  
1/2 cup strong black coffee  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 grated nutmeg  
1/2 teaspoon cloves  
2 teaspoons salt

Four milk over crumbs, and let stand until cold. Add sugar yolks of eggs well beaten, raisins and figs, chopped and floured, and citron. Cream the suet, after chopping, and add to first mixture with coffee, salt, and spices. At the last add stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Steam in a closely covered mold five hours. serve with a hard sauce.

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## Gifts That Women Enjoy

—the Osgood's  
Christmas displays  
are complete

THE Christmas month has arrived and with it come the most complete and abundant holiday-gift stocks we've ever carried. While many will follow the practical path by giving articles of apparel—useful things such as coats and furs and blouses—some will choose liberally from the Osgood's stocks of smaller items. So we invite early selections—we urge early selections, in fact, while we are so well stocked with gift handkerchiefs, hosiery, gloves, umbrellas, sweaters, silk underwear and purses and bags.

Silk and Novelty  
Hosiery in Boxes

NEEDLESS to portray the desirability of hosiery for one always gives one or several pairs and one is equally glad to receive gifts of hosiery. Now the hosiery section is wonderfully stocked with the celebrated Goldstripe silk hose and Wolsey, Ltd. Wool Novelty Hose and Wool and Silk Hose. Silk Hose \$2.00 \$2.75 and \$3.50. Novelty Hose \$2.00 and \$3.00.

Osgood's Customary  
Umbrella Display

EACH holiday season we bring in a well rounded assortment of umbrellas showing the newest and cleverest types of handles and especially featuring better than average quality silk coverings. The new stock arrived and goes on sale today. Handles of wool, leather and bone in unique designs rival the coverings of lustrous hued silks. Prices run from \$5.95 to \$15.95.

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



## More Trouble With Turkey



---men shop here  
for the things  
women want

It has long been the custom of Fairmont men to choose things for their wives, sisters and sweethearts from the Osgood's assortments. The chance of making a poor selection is reduced to the minimum because everything here has been provided in the knowledge of women's wants and preferences. From the smallest to the largest item in the Store correct fashioning and superior quality are features. Men who are unversed in choosing things for women do so here year after year with confidence that their selections will be happily received.



## Silk Underthings

make gifts of utmost beauty  
and usefulness

THE North room is the new home of the enlarged Silk Underwear department which is now fully ready for gift-seekers. Very pretty styles and superb quality underthings in these well-known makes—Vanatie, Irene and Ideal—are attractively priced. We've been told that we offer better values for the money. We do know that we have carefully selected the best values in the New York market. Osgood's Silk Undergarments come in white, flesh, orchid and peach colors.

Silk Camisoles \$1.25 to \$3.00  
Silk Nightgowns \$4.50 to \$12.50  
Silk Combinations \$7.50 to \$15.00  
Silk Teddies \$2.50 to \$5.95  
Silk Bloomers \$3.50 to \$5.95  
Silk Undervests \$2.50 to \$5.00

Osgood's  
for  
Quality

The Best Place to Shop, After All

Centemeri Gloves  
the choice of many

THE search for useful gifts always takes in gloves and when one really wants the finest available quality the search must finally rest on Centemeri Gloves. This celebrated make comes in genuine French kid and the range of styles and colors is legion. Wrist length gloves priced \$2.50 to \$3.75, 12 and 16 button gloves priced \$5.00 to \$7.50. Gauntlet style gloves priced \$5.00 to \$6.95.

Large Assortment  
of Bags and Purses

WE've purchased with unbounded enthusiasm and now you'll find in the Store the largest array of Bags, Purses and Novelty Hand-Boxes we have ever featured. Leather, duvetyne and novelty fabrics are deftly fashioned into the smartest articles of the sort—you've never seen. There are plain styles and elaborate ones equipped with complete vanity sets. Some of the Novelty Hand-Boxes have electric lights set in over the mirrors. Prices are \$3.00 to \$15.00.

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

## The Race



Torty stuck out one foot at a time for Nancy to rub the oil in.

The next letter the Green Wizard received was from Torty.

He read it aloud to Nancy and Nick in his workshop up in the treestops where the Twins were helping him.

"Dear Mr. Green Wizard," he read. "Will you please help me to win a race? I'm going to run one with Cutie Cottontail because Cutie said that old story of the Tortoise and the Hare wasn't true, and he could beat me to the post and back before I got started. I told him he couldn't, but I'm not so sure. Could you send me a little magic to help along?"

"You're in hopes," said "TORTY TURTLE."

"Oh!" cried Nancy, clapping her hands. "Are you going to help him, Mr. Wizard?"

"I'm not sure," answered he slowly. "It doesn't seem fair, but at the same time Cutie should be feared of his boasting. Yes, I think I'll send Torty a little magical oil to rub on his feet."

"He gave them a bottle and on

went the Twins to Torty's house by the side of Ripple Creek. Torty stuck out one foot at a time for Nancy to rub the oil in.

When Twelve Toes, the Sorcerer, heard about it, he was more jealous than ever. "I tell you what we'll do," he said to Light Fingers. "You dig a ditch just where Torty will fall into it and cover it with leaves. If he lands on his back all the magic in Fairyland won't do him any good then."

So Light Fingers dug a pit when no one was looking and fixed it up so you'd never know it was there.

Bye 'n' bye all the people gathered around and the race started. Suddenly there was a crash and a crackle and something went into the pit ker-flop! But it wasn't Torty Turtle. It was Cutie Cottontail, and by the time he'd scrambled out Torty had reached the post and won the race.

(To Be Continued)

(Copyright, 1922)